## MIRAGE.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song, But when? Oh, when the days are long; When thoughts are free, and voices clear; Some happy time within the year:— The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel The weight of friendship, true as steel; Some flower of sympathy bestow:— But time sweeps on with steady flow, Until with quick, reproachful tear, We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands, And still with trides fill our hands. While ever, just beyond our reach, A fairer purpose shows to each. The deeds we have not done, but willed, Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

## JACK'S COURTSHIP.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

And or of "The Wreck of The Groscenor," "A Sea-

Creen." "An Ocean Free-Lance," et ..

CHAPTER XXXIII-CONTINUED. Letting my thought linger a bit over this chat, I confess, the wonder that he had expressed, and that I had all along feit, at the manner in which my secret had been kept from Aunt Damaris, struck me afresh, almost as if it had been new to me. Never did an old maid's face hold a shrewder pair of eyes than Alphonso's sister's, and I could have sworn that her mind was one of the most suspicious in life ;and therefore, seeing how quickly Florence had taken to me, and how I had somewhat of a sailorly cut, spite of my clothes and my sham ignorance of everything concerning the sea, and how I was bound to Australia for no reason whatever, that she could find out, I say it was strange enough that she did not make two-and-two of all these things, and so guess who I was. But against this you must put, first, that she had never seen me as Jack Seymour; second that, in all probability, I had never been described to her outside such general terms as old Mawke's abuse of me conveyed, and which would have nothing to do with my face, figure or manners; third, that Jack Seymour, beine little more than an abstraction to her, she was not nearly so

ners; third, that Jack Seymour, beine little more than an abstraction to her, she was not nearly so likely to imagine the possibility of his following his sweatheart to sea as would have been the case had she met him in the flesh, as Mr. Hawke had; fourth, that the idea of his taking ship with her niece had never, in the faintest possible degree, occurred to her; firth that she would not be aware that Jack Seymour was unknewn by sight, if not more familiarly, to Mr. Morecombe, and the circumstance, therefore, of that young man and Mr. Egerton sharing one berth, and conversing as I pretended Mr. Morecombe had conversed with me, would tend almost more than anything clse to blind her to the fact that stared her in the face; and finally, that, being, as I reckoned, an extremely suspicious person, she possessed all the qualities which sentence their possessor to the constant mortification of being easily tricked.

But, to drop all this problemizing for the plain truth, the calm, as I have said, kept us to the changes which came were a shifting of the color of the occar from the rich aure of the morning to the tin-like glitter of noon, following on with a sullen brassy glare as the sun westered, till the faming huminary sauk into a sheet of gold, and the darkness came, with the Southern Cross hanging low in the south, and the moon rising later and redder every night, when it became new again, and a silver slip in the wake of the sun. But on the afternoon of the tenth day there came a change; you took notice of a staring brightness in the easterly sky, against which the white sails showed yellow, a hollower movement of the swell, and a rounder sweep in the look of the water from where the ship hing down to the horizon, which showed clear against the firmanment in a sickly, paint like blue, from which the eye recoiled. The sun shone mistilly, though the fierceness of his bite was all but insufferable when you stepped clear of the awning. The black fins of half a dozen sharks gleamed out of the oily blue, and, had the i

glazed, thick, sullen heaving of the swell, it could have hit upon nothing more appropriate.

"They fancy the ship's going to rot through, and let us into the water," said Mr. Thornton to me; they're sagacious beasts, and as paitent as the foul fiend himself, nutil what they wait for is within reach of their grinders. But they'll be cheated. Thore's a squall brewing yonder, and there'll be a breeze of wind behind it, if I'm not greatly missisher."

You needed a sailor's eye for atmospheric effect to You needed a sailor's eye for atmospheric effect to understand his meaning when he pointed into the northwest quarter, and I don't fancy that I should have noticed the sign rayself, but for his indication of ir. Theo, indeed, it was plain enough, in the sort of blue film that seemed, so to speak, to be bending the sky down to the sea, as if with the weight of it, though the horizon ran in a sharp, irm line right through it; and, after a moment's garing, one felt it to be the shadow of something drawing up from behind the ocean, and that was pressing upon the water in a manner to give the swell a rounder back and a quicker run. By and by a streak of haze and a quicker run. By and by a streak of haze.

But she and the Morth Atlantic passed, hope grows brisk as the southeast Trades are approached. The Cape is not very far off now, you think, and then hurrah for an easterly course across the might Southern Ocean.

I can answer for the indinence of latitude south upon the spirits of the Strathmore's passengers. We grew more cordial. If there was any ill-feeling, it was betwixt Anni Pamaris and Captain Jackson and his wife. Not that the others liked the oid lady very much, but they would come up and talk to her, and she would converse with them more or less politiely, according to the temper she happened to be in the control of the course of the swell a rounder back.

But she and the Morth Atlantic passed, hope grows brisk as the southeast Trades are approached. The Cape is not very far off now, you think, and then hurrah for an easterly course across the might be more or the swell as the more of the more or less polities.

But she and the world. But, the North Atlantic papers of a proached. The Cape is not very far off now, you think, and then hurrah for an easterly course across think, and then hurrah for an easterly course are supposed.

and a quicker run. By and by a streak of haze neated up, and looked white enough, as it stayed there, but when I turned to take another squint it had changed into a thin brown, and had spread and risen, the fringe of it resembling a smear upon the sky, and the sea under it taking a sort of olive tint, which brightened out into blue south and northeast.

Aunt Damaris came on deck, armed with a large fan; presently Florence arrived; I placed chairs for them, and said, with the artlessness of a landsman: "Mr. Thornton thinks we're going to have a small."

man: "Mr. Thornton times we result to man: "Mr. Thornton times we result."

"Thank goodness?" exclaimed Aunt Damaris;

"And, pray, where is it to come from?"

"Yonder, he says," and I pointed to the gathering.

"Youngards Margardule Mor-

thickness.

"What is a squall?" asked Mts. Marmaduke Mortimer, who was sitting near, her husband, for a wonder, not being with her.

"A sudden burst of wind," replied Aunt Damaris,

"A sudden burst of wind, replied Aunt Damaris, in her sharp manner.

"Nothing dangerous, I hope!" said Mrs. Mortaner, looking right up overhead into the sky.

"The burst won't come from there," said Aunt Damaris, "but from the end of the sea yonder," and she extended her lean hand, that sparkled with

Damarts, "but from the end of the sea yonder, and she extended her lean hand, that sparkled with rings.

"Oh, I see," cried the newly married wife efusively. "Oh, Mr. Egerton, do look at those yellow patches upon the fog there; are they not like semflowers growing in a garden-bed?

The sunshine was blazing slantingly upon the rising bodies of vapor, and brightening the brows of them with a sulphar-colored radiance. The effect was striking, almost wild, for the dark-green weltering of the sea under the thickness gave a malignant hint of storm to the look of the heavens there, and the dry yellow, gleaning in the van of the coming outburst, was just the color a painter would have chosen for heightening the sullen meaning of the fast-rising darkness. In a few minutes this appearance vanished, and the vapor thickehed up like the pourings of a factory-chimney kept low by the rarefaction of the atmosphere. The swell had increased in volume with amazing rapidity, and the deep ship rolled and wallowed in it as if she had a mind to spring every spar in her. The beating of the canvies was like the continuous discharge of small cannons. You saw the people on the maindeck stambling and lurching and clinging convulsively as they tried to pass along, and every new and again a flash of smoke-like spriy swept inhoards through a scupper-hole, as the ship buried her side. Puring one heavy roll, I barely missed slooping Anut Damaris from tumbing heels over head with her chair; she was all but gone when I flung my shoulder against her and shoved her up. This, coupled with the fast-spreading gloom, and the meaning of this? Is it to be a squall or tempest?

"Captain!" she screamed out to Daniel, "what is the meaning of this? Is it to be a squall or tempest?

"Nothing to cause any slarm, Miss Hawke," answered the skipper, who stord look at it.

"Captain" she screamed on to Daniel, what is the incensing of this? Is it to be a squall or tempest? Pon't deceive me. I know the difference, etc."

"Nothing to cause any alarm, Miss Hawke," answered the skipper, who stood looking at the weather past the starboard-quarter boat; and he then gave some orders to the chefe mate. One might tell he guessed that the worst of whatever was coming lay in the look of it, for all that Mr. Thoraton song out was to clew up the royals, had down the flying jib, had up the manusal, and stated by the topgaliant halliards. "When the rain before the wind, then your topsail halliards mind, chants the foresalle poet; and here was the wind coming nirst. The swelling vapor rolled up until it booked, all away to starboard, like the loom of cliffs thousands of teet high, while the send, like dust of a floor under the flourishing of a broom, blew out in pale-yellow volumes from under the compacter masses, an was floating overhead, and dimming the sky in the east, with the sun among it, a shape-less, sickly blotch of light, before ever a breath of air could be seen solling the polished surface of the meunianous swell. Maybe the wind was waiting for the signal; it came in the shape of a copper-like glare of lighting, that more resembled the cloud's reflection of a solid sheet of fire than the whitz of an electric spark; and to the tune of the rumbling thander rushed the wind, blowing the gloom right and left, and creating appearances like what they call ox-cyos in it, spaces of hight that grew from points into yawning gaps, as though the squall was driving down upon us through tunnels in the sky.

"Look "cried I to Florence," how you may see the wind before there is draught enough to extinguish a candle."

I took her to the rall to watch, while Aunt Damaris clawed her way to the companion, on the top-steps of which she stood, with her sharp nose forking out beyond the hood, and pecking, as it might be, as the coming agong like it was a fine slight to see the wind before there is draught en

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ing white in the hollows, and sweeping with a yell over the brows in a scattering of spray. It looked to advance in the form of an arch, with the legs spread out from southwest to northeast, and the lifting of the white water under the shearing of it made Daniel reckon there was more in it than he had supposed.

"Let ge the topgallant halliards," he sung out. "Hands by the fore and mizzen topsail halliards." And as the yards aloft came running down, with a second brilliant gleam of lightning, the squall burst upon the ship, and down she leaned to it, motion less for a space, with the smooth water under her lee bubbling and churning half-way up the buiwarks. I had my darling, by this time, sung under the startboard quarter-boat, for there was no rain in sight. I had my darling, by this time, sung under the startboard quarter-boat of the to see the squal; and the boat under which we stood split the wind, and become it screaming clear of us over our heads. Annu Damaris had vanished, but the other pasagoes, ladies and gentiemen, held their ground, and looked on with interest at a scene full of exe, as the first honest break in the ten days of ankling, stewing calm. The helm had been put hard over, and the ship was slowly paying off, as she began to stir after the first heavy lean-down; but, bord! the shindy aloft, sails thandering mast promping the prigning, mingfed with a glaneing over, but he wing, Daniel excitedly gesticulating act in deck folks thought it was all mowith us, when, in reality, it was a more equatorial squal, with the worst of it in its teeth, which was soon to leeward of ns, and a sprinkling of rain and a fresh breeze to follow.

There is no finer sight, I think, than a full-rigged ship ofters when she is in the act of paying off, heeling over, with a liever supply of wind screeching over, with a five excessing past her. Her lee-rigging hangs slack over the white water, her sails swell out, in cloud-like shapes, through the buntines and from the lowered yards; you note the grain a free over the w

for the passage of the equator, upon whose northern skirts she had been hanging like a dead thing for ten days.

We crossed the line in nineteen degrees west longitude, carrying a pleasant sailing breeze with us a trifle abaft our starboard beam, and the ship was just a pile of canyas, with five stansails out, the lower stansail yawning wide over the swinging beem, gayed forward, and every cloth pulling steadily, while the white tracks swing like silver buttons under the floating clouds, which gleamed like the inside of oyster-shells, as they sprung sweet and fresh from the deep-blue sea, and sailed up the azure on the road the sun was taking. In my time, when the equator was crossed on the outward passage to Australia, there would be a stir among the passengers, as if they began to consider, at last, that there was a chance, some of these fine days, of the voyage coming to an end. The running large before the northeast Trades is hopeful, but sometimes you will get a dreary sickness betwix the Channel and the parallel where the steady breeze is picked up; and then, perhaps, follows the deadly pause upon the glassy equatorial sea, where the water dies out in haze, and the sun finds a blazing mirror, whereto he combs his flaming beard, as he drives on his four round the world. But, the North Atlantic passed, hope grows brisk as the southeast Trades are approached. The Cape is not very far off now, you think, and then hurrah for an easterly course across tie mighty Southern Ocean.

and his wife. Not that the others liked the old lady very much, but they would come up and talk to her, and she would converse with them more or less politiely, according to the temper she happened to be in. But she and the Jacksons had not hing to say to one another. This, no doubt indirectly, helped my case, for the aversion among them made the old lady guess that the navy-man and his helpmate would not show her much mercy were they to hear all about the cause of Morecombe sjoming the ship; and many a time would I think, as I pecred at Annt Damaris: "If you only knew who I was—if you could only conceive the additions the story would gain by the simple disclosure of the truth from me to the Jacksons—there'd be no bulkhead in this ship thick enough for you to hide behind."

Friendlier feelings arising with our progress, various amusements were planned. The steerage passenger singers were invited on to tho poop, and obliged us with a very pretty little concert. Then the 'tween-deck passengers gave a ball upon the maindeck, that pasted through the dog-watches; a fiddle was brought out of the forecastle, the fellow who played it seated himself on the drum of the quarter-deck capstan, some rum was brought up at the expense of us aff, and distributed, diuted, in wineglassfuls among the poor people, and we sat at the break of the poop looking down on as lively a scene as ever kept folks happy and langhing at sea. I see the picture now: Jack Fiddler sawing away, with an occasional sapirt of tobacco-juice over his right shoulder, men and women dancing to his strains, the chindren frolicking among them, the crew looking on from the district of the galley with bronzed, grinning faces, till the night fell upon us all with hurried sweeping embrace of the sea with her shadowy arms, and the stars looked down at us through the rope ladders.

Then the crew would furnish us with some diversion, by turning up to dance a little bit of a Dane, a rat of a man, with eyes like a ferret, and a face with an expression upon it such as y

exquisitely diverting in some Dresden-china comedy of the old school; and you could see that she was remembering the time when she danced

ofter, and when there were partners and to spars for her. She did not hang in the wind long; I gave her my arm, and then Daniel and Mrs. O'Diren, and Thompson Facker and Miss. West. the concertinal Thompson Facker and Miss. West. The concertinal through the started. You'll reckon that the decks were pertity steady, and that was o'. There was the long ocean awe'll always hollowing and rounding under our forefroired was eased well off and the ship went along upright; her courtesies only made our heefs the nimbler. Anti Donaris and Grass. The Irish land, a hardy all after the property of the started out the ship went along upright; her courtesies only made our heefs the nimbler. Anti Donaris and Grass. The Irish land, a hardy all after the property of the started out to be found in the started out the started out to be found in the started out to be found in the started out to be started out to start the started out to be started out to start the started out to be started out to start the started out to be started out to start the started out to start t

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OCEAN INCIDENT. Shortly before we took the southeast Trades, and we were then in about six degrees south of the equator, there befell us one of those things which the sea, who is the mother of surprises, is always plentifully offering to those who furrow her broad bosom. Fine weather and pleasant breezes had accompanied us down to that point, and sometimes we were swarming along, with stunsails out on sharp up, and the bowlines taut as fiddle strings, but always, nevertheless, managing to lie our course, while every night found the southern constellations creeping higher and higher. But one morning there came a change, and arriving on deck after breakfast, 1 found the ship in as thick a blank of white vapor as ever rolled down and obscured the sea. Forward, the vessel was clean out of sight in it;

in the same way, making a strangeness of the familiar thing, owing to the liquid gambolling being to the vision limited to a sphere that was not more than half the width of any one fold. When you looked att from the break of the poop the helmsman was a smudge on the white, blinding obscurity. It was like being in a vapor-bath, for the temperature; nothing impleasant to the feeling of the flesh, but a rare confusion to the eye; and a sort of be-wilderment to the car, too, for the noise of the wind blowing into the stretched canvas was aloft, but you couldn't see what was producing it, and the cool sound of little breaking surges running on top of the swell was all around, though not a gimpse of the water was to be got maless you upt your head over the rail and looked right down.

Daniel I had descried abreast of the weather spanker-vang, smoking a cigar, when I came through the companion, and the second mate, who had charge of the watch, kept a lookout from the head of the poop-ladder. I joined my friend, and exclaimed: "Here's a smother! how long has this been on us?"

"Two hours," he replied.
"Nothing in sight before it drew up, I hope?"
"Nothing," he answered. "Let that console you, as a passenger." "I ask as a passenger," said I. "I have knocked of the sea and am new afraid of danger. That's a sign I'm getting old, Daniel. Have you got a light in your pecket?"

He handed me his cigar, which I ruined by thrusting the red end of it into the bowl of my pipe. "Confound you," he exclaimed, chucking it away ane lighting another; "there goes sixpennorth of lovely Hayana tobacco. Where s your sweetheart, Jack f Man, you should show her this fog. D'ye know, there's a deal to behold in things you can't see f"

see I"
"I'm hoping she'll come on deck, but I don't think
I ought to fetch her." I replied. "Mustn't act aggressively, you know; mustn't do mything to cause
dear Damaris to put her foot down; though, upon
my word, I really have nothing to complain of." my word, I really have nothing to complain of.
She's conferred astounding privileges upon me, all
things considered. I behaved her to be an old
Tartar, and so she is, for she behaved as one at Clifton, where she took Miss Florence under her protection, and stuck to her skirts to keep off that
villain, Jack Seymour. How Mr. Egerten has node
his way so promptly and successfully with her beats
my time. It ought to make me mighty conceiled,
for there must be something about mo, some charm
—ch, Daniel?—call it, if you please, the union of
high breeding with a singularly handsome conn—"
"Ifalle!" bawled the trumpet notes of Captain
Jackson, who forked up through the companion at
that moment; "what's this, captain? a fog?"

"Yes, a dense fog," replied Thompson.

The navy-man stepped up to us, peered at the
compass, cast a glance aloft, and looked into the
windward mist, that seemed to be boiling, as it
blew along in whirling, impervious clouds. "I suppose, captain," said he, "you are pretty sure of
nothing being in the road to plump into hereabouts?"

"Oh, sure enough,' answered Daniel quictly, who

nothing being in the road to plainly into here abouts?"

"Oh, sure enough,' answered Daniel quietly, who always somehow managed to fend off the marine patronage Captain Jackson tried from time to time to be tow upon him, without being in the least marked in his method of doing so.

"What's our pace f" said Captain Jackson, going to the side and looking over. "Five and a half, or six, I should say. Humph! Fast walking for a blind ship, captain."

"Oh, the faster we sail the sooner we shall get clear of this thickness," answered Daniel.

"The devil of a fog of this density is," said Captain Jackson, talking as if he were hailing the forecastle, "that it makes a lookout of no use, There's

blind way, and staring aloft for a sight of the familiar cauvas, of which not a fragment could be seen above the foot of the topols, unless you accepted a little darkening in the fog up there for them.

"Is it not dangerous to be sailing through this mist?" said my darling, speaking low, as though there was something in this thick, steamy environment that subdued her.

"Not in this great ocean," said L. "It would be another matter in the English Channel. But here you have open sea for thousands of miles; beside, Thompson told me that nothing was in sight when the for came up two or three hours since."

She dow me to the lee rail to watch the passing water. The gleam of it had the appearance of ice with snowflakes whirling along its slippery surface. The swell lifted out of the blankness, and seemed to heave up the fog as though it were a tangible thing, a solid substance; but when the vessel lay down again to the borders after the weather-roll, the vapor thickened down again into the hollow, and the contrast of its whiteness lying close against the gloom of the trough made the water over the side look thirty or forty feet beneath us.

We were bending together thus over the side, watching the snow-like froth secthing and eddying past, and listening to the hissing of the cutwater rapping through the swell in the blankness shead, when all on a saidedn, and in a manner that made the thing appear to us like the coinage of our fancy, there leaped out of the white, chase folds abreast of the lee fore-ringing, and at a distance of about fifteen feet from the ship's side, an open boat with two men seated on the thwarts, and the figure of a third man, apparently dead, lying in her bottom. Confounding to the senses as such a sudden apparition as this was, I could not have mastered every point had I had half an hour's time given me to inspect her. She was apparently a small vessel's quarter-boat, painted blue, with white stern sheets and thwarts. The two living men in her were drossed in shirts and dumatere tronsers, one i

off."
By this time, as you may suppose, mates, every-body, from the forecastle to the stern cahins, had bundled on deck to learn what the commotion signified. From where I stood right aft I could just make out the lee poop-ladder and bulwarks near it, black with people, all staring into the fog, some of them being half-way up the main-rigging. If the ship looked strange before, she made a wild sight now, with that crowd glooming upon the fog, and the forward decks so wholly obscured that the vessel seemed to end at the mainmast, where the steerage and tween-dock passengers and crew had congregated. We who belonged aft stood in a lump near the wheel, the ladies firing off whole broadsides of questions, the greater portion of which near the wheel, the ladies firing on whose broad sides of questions, the greater pertion of which Captain Jackson took upon himself to answer Aunt Damaris, holding a pocket-handkerchief to her month, removing it only to speak, instantly spied me and hauled alongside; and then Fiorence

What is the matter, Mr. Egerton ?" cried the "Your niece and I just sighted a boat containing

"Your niece and I just sighted a boat containing three men. She is out there somewhere," said I, pointing into the dense white cloud.

"A boat containing three men!" she exclaimed;
"How could you sight her? it is impossible to see a yard." I explained. "Oh, dear me! and they glided past—one dead, you think? How terrible?" she cried. "Why, gracious goodness, what a suffocating part of the ocean the captain appears to have steered us into? I never heard of such a thing as a fog in this part of the sea. Do you think, Mr. Egerton, we're actually in the place we're supposed to be in? But how should you know? Captain," she called out to Daniel, "it's very strange to meet with such a thing as a fog hore, isn't it? We did not encounter anything of this kind in coming to England, and never before, either in coming or going, have I been in such a mist in the tropics."

"It'll be clearing off presently, Miss Hawke," said Daniel.
"They're common enough hereal-auts, and every-

"It'll be clearing off presently, Miss Hawke," said Daniel.

"They're common enough hereabants, and everywhere else," trumpeted Captain Jackson, addressing nobody in particular; "there's nothing to be afraid of—especially now that we've hove to."

"Fire'" crad Daniel; and I perceived Mr. Thornton aiming a ride into the air; he had brought it from below while I had been talking to Aunt Damaris and when Daniel sung out "nre!" the mate pulled the trigger. The smart report was followed by several squeaks from the ladies; Aunt Damaris indeed who like most of the others had not noticed the weapon in Mr. Thornton's hands absolutely yelled and catching hold of my arm clung tightly. "That signal repeated every five minutes will enable them to keep in our neighborhood," exclaimed Daniel coelly taking the cries which had followed the explosion for granted, and hardly guessing, perhaps that he would have acted politely in requesting the ladies to look out for it.

"Is that horrid gun going to be let off again, Mr. Egerton f" cried Aunt Damaris, in a terrified voice.

"Every five minutes—just to comfort those poor fellows out there," said I.

"I hate firing," she exclaimed: "first to be sufforted.

"Oh, sure enough,' answered Daniel quietly, who always somehow managed to feud off the marine patronage Captain Jackson tried from time to time to bestow upon him, without being in the least marked in his method of doing so.

"What's our pace?" said Captain Jackson, going to the side and looking over. "Five and a half, or six. I should say: Humbh! Fast walking for a blind ship, captain."

"Oh, the faster we sail the sooner we shall get clear of this thickness," answered Daniel.

"The devil of a fog of this density is," said Captain, Jackson, talking as if he were hailing the fore castle, "that it makes a lookout of no use. There's no seeing what's alicad until you're into it. I remember, many years ago, when smothered up in this fashion in the Gulf of Guinea, in H. M. Diver, Cape Palmas bearing about nor nor west, and a Yinde of wind blowing that sent us ratehing along at about three and a half to four miles an hour, the first lieutenant who, by the way, was a so of the Earl of Worthing, as fine a seaman—"

But at that moment I caught sight of Florence standing in the companion-way, and left Captain Jackson and his yarn to join her. "Come along," said I, putting my pipe in my pocket, and giving her my hand, "there's nothing in this fog to harm you."

She jstepped on to the deck, looking with wonder at the fragment of ship that was visible, at the masts vanishing under the tops, and at the figure of the second mate, who, thoragh he shoon has the imasts vanishing under the tops, and at the figure of the second mate, who, thoragh he shoon has the figure of the second mate, who, thoragh he shoon has the masts vanishing under the tops, and at the figure of the second mate, who, thoragh he shoon here the break of the peop was little more than a smidge even at that distance. "Am I the only lady on deck f' she asked.

"Yes, but what does that matter? No fear of Annt Damaris emerging, I suppose, darling?"

"Not the slightest. But the denseness of the fog "I hate firing," she exclaimed: "first to be suffor

Mr. Thernton fired a second time. The other ladies took care to back some distance away; but Florence stood alone with me, eagerly striving to pierce the obscurity, and exclaiming: "Will they be able to hear it, Jack? Can nothing more be done?",

Never, boys, had my heart gone so close to hers as then, while I watched her glistening eyes, the beautiful, touching anxiety in the trembling of her lips, the sweet contraction of her white brows, her forward, leaning, listening posture, as though, by the sheer power of her true, tender, womanly soul, that was with those lonely, blinded, hidden sailors, she would draw their boat within the sphere of our vision.

was with those lonely, blinded, hidden sailors, she would draw their boat within the sphere of our vision.

We had been lying hove to in this fashion for about twenty minutes, while Mr. Thoraton let fly his rifle at intervals, pulling the cartridges out of this side pocket as though they were sugar-plums in a bag there, when on a sudden the thickness in the very quarter we were all peering into thinned away down into a kind of bluish shining, as though the light off the sea was working through; it was but a wide flaw, indeed, but as it hung for a few minutes it gave us a sight of the boat about two hundred fathoms distant; she showed on the brow of a swell, with her oars over and her head our way, though somewhat to windward of us. The man in the after part of her was rowing fisherman fashion, that is to say, standing up, with his face looking forward; he saw us, and tossed one hand up, while we all pressed forward to shout and gesticulate, to encourage them to persevere; and nothing in all my life ever sounded more strangely to my ears than the roar the people who were grouped upon the bulwarks sent up when they saw the boat; it swelled up like a great moan, and the complaining of it came down out of the hidden, steady canvas aloft. But the abomnable fog boiled up again betwixt the boat and us, and all that could be done now was for Mr. Thornton to go on firing, while Daniel from time to time hailed the gleaming smother with his speaking-trumpet.

Thrice had he thus hailed when there came a faint reply, apparently right astern. Captain Jackson and Thompson Tacker, the skipper, chief mate

Mr. Thornton to go on firmg, while Daniel from time to time hailed the gleaming smother with his speaking-trumpet.

Thrice had he thus hailed when there came a faint reply, apparently right astern. Captain Jackson and Thompson Tucker, the skipper, chief mate and I now all united our voices in a prodigious shout which I reckon was as far-reaching as the report of the rifle; but not being able to see we couldn't tell the poor fellows how to head, nor durst we bawl a single direction, preferring rather to leave their gaidance to God; for they might pass the ship within fifty feet and not see her, and if once they took to groping without certainty of our whereabouts, then, if the tog didn't clear away soon, they might be out of sight when the horizon showed and as lost to us as if they were at the bosticom of the water. Upon my word, there was positive torture in our expectation, and we shouted and fired and listened as if we were the prople who were in peril; till suddenly Florence creat. There's the boat," and pointed with passionate cagerness over the tailrail to a spot of shadow low down among the blowing steam.

"There she is," I shouted; and "There she is," bawled Daniel; and, putting his two hands to his month, "Hurrah, my lads," he roared; "you'll fetch us now! you'll be seeing us plainly enough now!" and Mr. Thornton sprang on to the tailraid with a coil of rope ready to fling to them. It was painful to watch the lift and fail of those two oars, the atter exhaustion, the bitter, dying strife for life, they somehow illustrated. In a few minutes she was close, "Look out for the end of this line? shouted the chief mate, and he chacked the coil fair over the foremost man, who twisted biaself to catch hold of it, took a turn, and then fell in a heap on the body at the bottem. A groan of pity ran along our decks; some of the tree came timbling aft, and presently the bottem. A groan of pity ran along our decks; some of the rew came timbling aft, and presently the bottem. A groan of pity ran along our decks; some fast, I found the ship in as thek a blank of white its part as ever rolled down and observed the same probably had timibled overboard, and and a simple part as ever rolled down and observed the same probably had timibled overboard, and and a simple part as ever rolled down and observed the same probably had timibled overboard, and and a simple part of the same probably had timibled overboard, and and a simple part of the same probably had timibled overboard, and and a simple part of the same probably had timibled overboard, and the ship brought to a stand, and the ship brought to a stand, and the ship promptic to the many and as one to the ship and the part of the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the ship and the part of the promptic to the promptic to the part of the part of the promptic to the part of the part of the promptic to the part of the

replied Daniel.

"How could be be drowned if he's in the boat, capt'n f" asked Mrs. O'Brien.
"By falling overboard," answered Captain Jack-

son.

"Hang these incidents," cried Mr. Thompson
Tucker. "They make one's flesh creep. Hope they
don't forebode trouble to us, that's all. Hang me, if

don't forebode trouble to us, that s all. Hang me it I'm fond of stumbling over corpses, as it might be. It's ill-luck, they say.

"Oh, Marmaduke" murmured Mrs. Mortimer, put-ting her hand into her husband's arm.

"No use terrifying the ladies, young gentleman," says Captain Jackson, sternly.

"Quite right, sir," replied Mr. Thompson Tucker, briskly; "and I hope nothing may happen that will terrify them."

errify them."
Here Mr. Griffith arrived, and we all gathered cound him to hear his report, "Well, doctor," says

"Well sir." replied Mr. Griffith, "one man's dead; other two are alive and likely to go on living. What's their story?"

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"Why," said the doctor, half turning to grope with his eyes along the leeward thickness, "they belong to a small brig which can't be far of!" Here Captam Jackson started and looked sternly aloft and then over the side, in manifest deprecation of our rate of sailing under the circumstances. "A man fell overboard, it seems," continued the doctor, "and a boat was lowered with two men and the mate to pick him up. I suppose they're not very active and smart in those small vossels, and the consequence was the man was a toly distance astern before the beat was got into the water. All this while the poor fellow was swimming strongly; but when they were within a few strokes of him he went down. On seeing this the mate jumped out of the boat after him, but whether he had miscalculated his strength, or something had gone wrong with him, he sunk a minute or two after he had made the plunge. The men in the boat went to the spet where he had vanished, and saw him hanging about a foot under the surface, with his arms stretched forward and his legs in a running posture; one leaned over, caught him by the hair and dragged him in; but he was dead. Well, the man who told me this says that when he now looked round for his vessel he spied her some distance to windward, and behind her the sky was coming along in a white wall. It swallowed her up, then reached to them, and there they were," says the doctor, "lost in this deuse mist, with a dead shipmate at their feet, until we slid past 'em so close that another few feet would have settled their business."

"Dear, dear, what a shocking story," cried Mrs. Marunaduko Mortiner, clinging to her husband, and shivering, though God knows the beastly fog was like a warm bath.

"It's what I thought," said the navy-man. "I could have sworn that boat had been lowered to pick up a man. Where's the brig, I wonder? I hope we may not run into her,"

"It's what I thought," said the navy-map. "I could have sworn that boat had been lowered to pick up a man. Where's the brig, I wonder? I hope we may not run into her," and he glowered past us into the obscurity that lay beyond the main-rigging.

Daniel gave Mr. Thornton some directions, and presently the mainsail was hauled up, and the royal and topgallant halliards let go; some fore-and-aft carvas was also taken in, and the ship, under the diminished pressure, drove along very slowly. I took this to signify that Daniel wanted to sight the brig when the weather cleared, in order to restore the men; and this, indeed, was his motive for short-ening sail. Captain Jackson, however, appeared to arrive at another conclusion, and smirked around him as if he would have us know that he did not yet despair of teaching these "merchant fellows" discretion as well as seamanship.

Most of the paisengers now went below, among them Florence, for there was moisture enough in the smothering vaper to damp those who lingered too long in it; but shortly before noon, to the designt of Thompson, who had desparted of getting sights, the fog fined away to windward, slimmering like silver dust as the clear blue water opened out under it, with a glaneing and feathering of little surges, and presently you could see the ocean-line rounding like a semicircle formed by a pair of compasses into the impenetrable white a head, and to leeward and astern. The sun flashed down hot and by the settling away of the body of vapor, until presently the ships swam out of the denseress into the blazing silver of the meridian effulgence, with her light sails idly flapping in the broeze, and her black yards and yellow masts and gray decks sparkling like frost with the clustering downtons than the sunday of the with the clustering downtons that the sunday soft threshing white folds of it looking so dense that one wondered in the term of the wards and gray decks sparkling like frost with the clustering downtons the blazing silver of the mental and the same of

gazing how one's lungs could have respired in such a suffocation of cloud; there it hung, slowly withdrawing, the swell running into it with a wet sheen in the slant of every heave, and disappearing at the point of contact; and the appearance of the ocean at that moment was not to be likened to any imaginable thing; why, the deep blue coming out from the summit of that precipitous coast of vapor, and bending over our mustheads to the brilliant weather horizon, and the glorious azure of the deep, sparkling up from the wake of the sun to the foot of that immense length of lustrous white opacity, was made by it more like a dreaming fancy of sea under sunshine than the real thing.

No sooner had the sun appeared than the passengers returned, Aunt Damaris and Florence leading the way, while Daniel and Mr. Thornton hovered on either side the quarter-hoat, on the lookout for eight bells. Scarcely had the southernmost end of the for-bank drawn down so as to start, as it might be, on the horizon from where the forerigging intersected the water-line, than some one forward bawled out, "Sail ho!" and, looking, we spied a vessel between three and four miles distant, leaning over close-hauled on the port tack, heading our way, her canvas showing yellow against the thickness past her. By this time Daniel had made it noon and eight bells had been struck.

"What is she—what's her rig, can you make out!" he called to the second mate, who was working at the sail with a telescope.

"I fancy she's a brig, sir," was the answer. "Yes, that's what she is, you may see the trysail rounding close against the lee-feech of the mainsail to be a spanker, sir," and he handed the glass to Mr. Thornton.

"If that be so," said Daniel, "then it's a hundred to constitut be's the owner of the quarter-boat.

ton. "If that he so," said Daniel, "then it's a hundred

"If that be so," said Daniel, "then it's a hundred to one that she's the owner of the quarter-boat we're towing, and seeking her."

The helm was put over, and a signal hoisted at the gaff-end; upon my word, I forget the exact mature of it; those were the days of Marryat's Code, you see; but it meant that we desired to communicate with the brig. She seemed to look further oft as the fog astern of her drew down to the sea-line, and broadened the space of gleaming blue water between. She made no response to our signal, and indeed it was quite fikely she didn't understand it; for if a little vessel like that had a dag-locker at all aboard, it was odds if it held more than a large and small ensign, and so there would be no good in the skipper having a signal-book. But a proof that she was the vessel Daniel took her to be came presently in the shape of her putting her helm hard down, shooting out as she rounded on her heel into the appearance of a very pretty little brig, with lofty, well-stayed masts, a trysail-boom that went far over her stern, a bold sheer forward, white figure-head, and green sides low in the water. She braced round her foreyards, but kept the maintopsail to the mast, and thus hove to she rose and sank upon the swell, a toy-like object, beautifully clear and distinct against the fading white of the background, the sun bringing flashes out of her wet green hull as she rolled, while every shrond and stay which her canvas left exposed was as sharply black in the searching meridian light as strokes with a pen on white paper.

"She has sighted her bout astern of us," said

can as left exposed was as sharply black in the searching meridian light as strokes with a pen on white paper.

"She has sighted her boat astern of us," said Daniel; "that's more intelligible to her than our flags"; and he then gave instructions for the two men to be sent aft. Meanwhile, everybody aboard the Strathmore was looking at the brig, toward which we were slowly advancing. To sight a sail, to speak a vessel at sea during a long voyage, is always a kind of excitement, a welcome break; it is a friendly nod, a passing hand-shake, that somehow seems to help one along the lonely, weltering road; and the mighty stage of the deep ceases, for a spell, to be the vast solitude which every moraing the dawn has revealed, and every evening the darkness has obscured. But there was a special interest attached to this meeting; for the little brig was a mother seeking her lost children, whom we had found, and were about to restore; and the swing of her mansail and tepsail, as she pitched along, with the tremor of her jibs, whose sheets were flowed or well cased-off, made her look to be in a kind of flutter, as if, like a thing of instinct, her heart hammered hard insido her.

The two rescued tiving men came along the deck,

around, that might ha tasted, for all we was to know, until the brig had drifted too fur to give us a chance, but there was the drowned mate in the bottom of the boat, sir, and nothen' else to see— nothen' else to look at, "he added feebly, with a convulsive drawing in of the breath and a wild "What's the name of the brig?"
"The Wanderer, sir."
"From where?"
"Callao."

"From where?"

"Callao."

"Oh, then, you're homeward bound," says Daniel, smiling. "D'ye think you can manage to put yourserves aboard? We'll draw as near as we can."

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the owner of the Scotch cap; "there's no weight in the boat."

"Step this way for a minute." They followed him, and he and Mr. Thornton spoke to them in a quiet voice, "Ladies," said Daniel, returning, "we have a duty to perform which some of you might not care to witness. It is simply this," he exclaimed in his blunt way: "we propose to put the body of the mate in the boat and so restore it to the brig. If you'll step aft you'll see nothing."

Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Mortimer instantly walked hurriedly off, and they were followed by the rest of the ladies, Aunt Damaris thrusting her hand under Florence's arm and making her hasten. It is true that most of them had seen the body lifted over the side; but then nobody knew that the man was dead. Thompson Tucker hung in the wind for a spell, and seemed irresolute, suspended between curiosity and fear. At last, saying alond: "After all, a dead body makes a devilish unpleasant memory," he thrust his hands into his pockets, and sanitered with the air of a man unconscious of what he was doing to a part of the poop whence the main-deck was invisible. Presently, looking aft, I saw Florence beckoning. I went to her, and noticed she had her purse in her hand. "I want you to give this to the poor men," said she, and she handed me a severeign.

"How much has my nicce, given you, Mr. Eger-

a sovereign.

"How much has my nicco, given you, Mr. Egerton?" inquired Aunt Damaris.

"A pound," said I.

She put her hand in her pocket and extracted a half-sovereign. "There, Mr. Egerton, please give them that—I'm not so rich as my nicce."

Thereupon the others began to fumble, and Mrs. O'Brien produced five shillings, Mrs. Joyce the like sum, and Mr. Marmaduke Mortimer ten, five from him and five from him wife; Mrs. Grant furnished half a crown, and as I took the money to the captain to give to the men I slipped five shillings into the amount.

"liere, Daniel," said I, "this is the passengers' gift to the two men; but note, if you please, that it was Miss Florence Hawke who started the sub-

eription."

"Have you given anything ?" asked he,

"Yes," said I.

"On, hang you! then I must. How much did you